

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

HOLINESS + TO + THE + LORD.

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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

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NO. 1.

HOW THE BABY WAS SAVED.

A FEW years ago there lived on the lowlands near the Rhine river, in Germany, a poor farmer named Krentzer. His wealth consisted of about ten acres of ground, which in the time of ordinary high water was sure to be inundated, a small house with a roof of thatched straw, a good wife and eight small children who had such excellent appetites as to compel the father to work early and late to provide food to

beginning of the warm weather until all danger of floods was past, when they would again return to their farms. Krentzer, however, from necessity faced the danger, thinking that the water would not rise so fast but that he could move his family to a place of safety.

Several seasons passed away without the waters having once broken through the banks of the river, and people began to



satisfy them. The small homestead he succeeded in purchasing, with some money left him by a dead relative, at a very moderate price because of its unfavorable location and the danger which threatened its occupants at the high-water season.

Krentzer's neighbors, being in more fortunate circumstances, always moved into the city during two or three months at the

believe that the Rhine would no more overflow, but they were doomed to disappointment. One day as Krentzer was walking along the river bank he noticed that the stream was more muddy than usual and was almost covered with driftwood. The meaning of it he knew too well: the river was rising very fast. With great speed he hurried homewards, but before he could reach the threshold he was wading in water. His wife,

becoming alarmed at the speedy rise of the water had already gone with three of the children to the highland and was now returning to get others of her little flock. Grasping two in his arms the father started also for the place of refuge. Still another two did the mother bring safely to the high ground. Now only the baby in the cradle remained, it being left till last because it would not be as easily frightened as the older children would. The father returned for it, but before he could reach the house through the fast deepening flood, the cradle with the cat on the lookout and the precious baby, and ballasted by the iron rockers, floated out of the door and headed for the current of the river. In vain the mother screamed and the father labored to catch the little ark, it gradually floated down the stream.

With sorrowful hearts the parents sought a place of temporary refuge for themselves and little ones until the waters should abate. This being found Kreutzer turned his face towards the sea to find, if possible, some trace of his youngest born. For two days he followed the banks of the river examining every nook wherein the little craft might drift and scanning every piece of floating wood to see if it were a remnant of the cradle. When almost ready to give up the search in despair, he learned that a curious object had been seen floating down the stream the day before. This encouraged him to press forward, and in doing so his search was rewarded by finding his child safe and sound in the care of a bachelor captain of a Rhine vessel, who had picked up the little wanderer as it was floating seawards. The captain invited Kreutzer aboard his ship to ride up to his home, but before they reached the place of parting each was so pleased with the other that the captain had asked Kreutzer to move into one of his houses and take care of his lands, and his offer had been accepted.

To-day Kreutzer is the special friend and trusted steward of the captain and is ever thankful for the overflow of the river which took the baby on a little journey, but brought him such good fortune.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE I wrote my last article on the topics of the time great excitement has been created throughout the Republic by the publication of the most villainous falsehoods by parties in this city. The people of the whole land have been in a ferment over threatened hostilities in Utah. President Cleveland has had messages sent to him containing the most atrocious falsehoods. The War Department has been appealed to, and under its orders, troops have been sent to Utah to preserve the lives of the Gentiles. A guard of soldiers has been quartered in Salt Lake City, and as to the disposition of them, General McCook has received strict orders—probably quite as strict as if he were in the midst of a hostile country, surrounded by threatening enemies.

Now, to every sensible person who is familiar with the real condition of affairs in Utah Territory, and who is not blinded by prejudice, this alarm and the movements of the Government appear exceedingly ridiculous. If troops were asked for to regulate a Sunday school, it would be no more absurd than to ask for troops to protect any class of citizens in Utah Territory.

But, it may be asked, how does it happen that the Government permits itself to do such foolish things?

The only answer I can give is that, in the councils of the rulers of the nation, upon all questions affecting the "Mormons" the ignorance is so dense and the prejudice so immovably strong that men of good sense in other directions seem to be carried away by folly and frenzy whenever they are broached. It might be thought that statesmen would learn by experience, that the repetition of the folly of 1857-8 in the sending of an army to Utah would not again be witnessed in the present generation. But upon "Mormon" questions experience seems to give no profitable lessons to those who fight it. Grover Cleveland has had the credit of being a level-headed man. I had thought that notwithstanding his ignorance of western affairs, and especially of our question, his natural good sense would enable him to act with some degree of judiciousness in his treatment of it. But the men who concoct the falsehoods that are sent East are ingenious. They have had experience in this line. They know how to delude the leading men and the ignorant public, and they are utterly unscrupulous. But imagine what the fate of office-holders would be in such a nation as Great Britain, or Germany, or any other of the great powers of the earth, who would deliberately deceive their Government as the officials of this Territory have done! They would be hurled from their places as soon as the facts became known; for no reputable Government would suffer its officials to make it so ridiculous as these officials have the Government of the United States. But what can be expected from the class of men who are sent here? Is it any wonder that a Government which employs such men as its agents and representatives submits to be deceived and sits down quietly without resenting the deception?

OUR form of government is the best for human liberty that ever was framed, so long as the people which form the nation are righteous. King Mosiah, when speaking upon this subject, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, gave a most accurate description of the benefits of such a form of government, and the evils to which it is exposed, when the people become impure. At the founding of this Government the people were fond of liberty and were comparatively free from vice. But what great changes have since occurred! The gospel has been rejected; God's prophet and servants have been slain; and the Government now seems to lend itself to every scheme that the enemies of His kingdom propose for the destruction of His people. The picture that presents itself to the eye of the observer is one of sombre and fearful colors.

There are many causes for this; but prominent among them is the lowered moral tone of the nation. The liberty which the people have had has been abused; it has become license. I saw a statement not long ago to the effect that "74 per cent. of the Irish discharged convicts have found their way to the United States." And how is it with the degraded classes of other nationalities? The influx of these low elements into States where the rights of citizenship are so easily obtained has had its effect upon the Republic. There always was lawlessness enough in the nation. When this Church was organized the Saints soon learned that constitutional guarantees were of little value when men's passions were pitted against them. Mobs trampled upon law and the rights of their fellow-citizens. Since then matters have not improved. Men, to obtain power, have pandered to the worst passions of the people. They dare not offend them. Unpopular minorities have, therefore, always suffered, especially has it been so in

our case when we have had no votes. Men in office have known that to befriend an unpopular cause, no matter how just it might be, would cost them the votes necessary to retain their positions. The result is, the bravest and best men, the men of the highest principle, do not, as a rule, hold office. Many men are elevated to power who are utterly unfit to legislate for a free people. Corruption in every form pervades society. It is asserted that, to-day, the Senate of the United States is largely composed of men who represent corporations, and whom money has placed in power. The same may be said, to a great extent, of the House of Representatives. And, of course, money contributes to the creation of judges and other high officials.

From Europe thousands of emigrants come who are dissatisfied with the institutions of the countries which they have left, and, obtaining larger liberty here, conspire to overthrow existing institutions and to bring about anarchy. Communism, socialism, nihilism and all the dangerous revolutionary elements find their representatives in our land, and the result is that secret combinations of the most dangerous character are formed, having for their object the destruction of government and the overthrow of the existing order of things.

Men may resolutely shut their eyes and hug the delusion to their bosom that the nation will continue to prosper, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that existing institutions are seriously menaced. The conduct of the Government towards us sets a fearful example to revolutionists. If the Government can rob the "Mormons" (as is proposed to do by Edmunds in his new bill) why cannot the laboring classes rob the rich? If the Government sets such an example, what shall restrain the masses of the oppressed poor, who entertain the idea that they are dreadfully injured, from wreaking vengeance upon those whom they regard as oppressors? If justice be denied to the "Mormons," and all the rights of American citizens be withdrawn from and denied to them, why shall not the same treatment be extended to others?

In its treatment of us at the present time the Government is sowing the wind. It will, most assuredly, reap the whirlwind. No government organized as ours can practice such wrongs as the people of Utah are suffering from without meeting fearful retribution. An autocratic government like Russia, where the power is centered in the head of the nation, may commit many acts of oppression and not feel the effects thereof for a long time. Even a constitutional monarchy, like that of Great Britain, may indulge in excesses and be guilty of oppressions, but the effects are not so immediately disastrous as they would be in a republic like ours. This is due to the difference in the organizations. In a monarchy there is a sovereign to govern, and a dynasty to rally around and to hold affairs steady. Here in this land the people govern. They make and unmake administrations. They elevate to power the men who represent them. When the nation becomes so corrupt that constitutional limits are overstepped, and the principles which underlie the government are trampled upon, then the nation becomes a mob. There is no law to control or govern it, except the law of its own passions. It becomes a slave to caprice, and every kind of violence is justified which meets with popular approval. Under such circumstances a republic becomes the worst form of tyranny. In an autocracy there is but one tyrant; but in a republic which abandons its fundamental law there may be a million tyrants, and each representative of the people may seek, in utter disregard of principle and of every constitutional guarantee and every sentiment of justice, to gratify the mad passions of the mob by whose votes he attains power. Thus a

republican form of government such as ours, which is the best form of government ever framed by man, and the strongest while the people are pure, becomes the weakest when the people yield to corruption and depart from the true principles of liberty.

We are found fault with because we do not cry peace! peace! unto the nation; and it is charged against us that we prophesy evil concerning its future. But what honest man possessing any of the spirit of prophecy, with the views before him which we now behold, can do otherwise? It is true that, possessing the most glorious land under the sun, rich in all the elements of wealth, with resources unequalled by any part of the earth, this nation has prospered beyond all known example. Within a few days one citizen has died whose wealth is said to be at the very least \$200,000,000, and some say \$250,000,000. There are thousands of other citizens who, while not possessing so much as this man did, count their wealth by millions of dollars, and much of this wealth has been accumulated during a single lifetime. A nation with such facilities must be, in the very nature of things, a mighty power in the earth. But wealth and luxury will not save a people, nor preserve them from destruction; nay, wealth may be the very means which will bring about their overthrow.

GRATITUDE.—A Swedish colonel, by an accidental fire, which consumed his house, lost the whole of his property. Some time after a lottery was set on foot by his friends to reimburse him. In the opening of this business a letter arrived from Pomerania, enclosing one hundred and fifty rix-dollars, without the name of any donor, but with a short note requesting the colonel would remember "the broken punch-bowl." It was a long time before he could unravel this mystery; but at last he recollected that many years before, being in a tavern where there was a great concourse of people and much rejoicing, a female servant dropped from her hands a large, china punch-bowl full of punch. Her mistress, in violent anger, threatened her with instant dismissal, and that she should be sent to prison if she did not make good the loss, upon which the colonel interceded in behalf of the poor girl and himself paid for the damage which had been sustained. This curious anecdote, becoming the subject of conversation in Stockholm, at length reached the ears of the king. Gustavus IV. was much pleased with it and sent a present of one thousand rix-dollars, with this message:

"I am aware that the colonel's friends have instituted a lottery upon his account. It is prohibited by the laws to undertake any lottery without previous permission from the master of police. Tell the colonel I know that officer; that he is a humane and polite man, not likely to refuse a reasonable request; it is my wish that the colonel should ask his permission for the lottery, that I may be enabled to bear a part in it."

THE TRUE HERO.—The true hero is the great, wise man of duty—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A PLEASANT WORD.

A disposition to act kindly towards all should be cultivated by every boy and girl. A kindly nature is always admired. How much more happiness there would be in the world if every person was possessed of a kind, pleasant spirit!

Perhaps many of our little friends have heard or read of instances wherein the power of a kind word or act has been shown. The following incident, which is quite true, will illustrate the effect of a pleasant word:

One new-year's evening, a few years since, there was a Sunday school party held in one of our towns here in Utah. Among the young people who were present upon this occasion was a young man who was a stranger in the place, although he had been living in the town for several months.

This young man had been working in the mines and hauling freight the greater part of the time he had been in the territory. He was accustomed to rough labor and companions, and to be spoken to in a gruff and unpleasant manner.

On entering the school room in which the party was to be held, the young man saw a pleasant-faced gentleman seated at a table: it was the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and he was engaged in giving out the numbers and receiving the admission fee.

The young stranger walked up to the table to pay over his seventy-five cents and receive a check with his number on. The superintendent addressed him courteously, made a few pleasant remarks while taking his name, and thanked him kindly as he was leaving the table.

The young man was deeply impressed by this short interview, and, looking about the room, he discovered one person with whom he was somewhat acquainted. He approached the individual and inquired of him the name of the gentleman who sat at the table. On being told who it was he exclaimed, almost with tears in his eyes:

"Well, sir, I never heard a man speak so pleasantly to me before in my life that I remember of. I don't expect to dance much this evening, as I am unacquainted here, but I don't mind that, I've got the worth of my money just by hearing that man speak to me."

The following Sunday the young man attended the Sabbath school. He was so affected by the superintendent's kindness that he liked to be in his presence. From that time on he continued to attend the Sabbath school as long as he remained in the place; and he no doubt still remembers the pleasant words of the kind-hearted superintendent.

NEW YEAR—1886.

THERE are homes in our fair, pleasant Utah, to-day,

Whence holiday raptures have vanished away;
Dear homes which will know not the wonted bright cheer,

And hearts that are sad on the happy New Year.

Why is this, that a day which all nature should greet

With songs of thanksgiving and pleasures complete,

Should find lonely mothers and children depressed,
In a land like our Utah, the favored and blest?

In the bright, sunny past, but a few years ago,
When our fathers and mothers had fled from the foe,

And sought out this land where no tyrants were near,

All Utah was glad on the happy New Year.

But the pure and the good have not dwelt here alone,

And the sinners in Zion must needs be made known;

So our Father allows persecution's dark hand
To pillage our homes and sweep o'er the land.

To divide truth from error, the right from the wrong,

The conflict must surely be fierce, hot and long;
All, all that the truest and best can endure,
To set Zion free from the vile and impure.

It is thus, for a season, the wicked bear sway;
And while from their wrath some are hiding away,
And some are in prison, and some are in doubt
As to whether their fate will be inside or out,

What wonder that homes should be darkened and sad?

Why should Zion sing as of yore and be glad?

Is it not a fit time for a sigh and a tear,

If not for ourselves, for our friends, this New Year?

Yet, while this sad picture our minds may unroll,
A calm, joyous peace enters into the soul,
And awakens sweet thoughts of a time full of
cheer,

When we'll greet *all* our loved ones in some bright
New Year.

LULA.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

WHAT is the name of the only true church of Christ? Whom did God use as an instrument in restoring this Church to the earth? When and where was he born? How long did he remain there? Where did he and his parents then remove to? What excitement occurred in the neighborhood of their new home a short time after their arrival? Were the various religious sects united and agreed as to the mode of salvation? What effect did this have upon him? While he was thus puzzled and agitated, what passage of Scripture came to his mind? What did he then conclude to do?

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a pie like a poet? When it is Browning.

Upon what object in nature has every author written? Upon the earth,

Why does a hole in a pigsty conduce to the education of little pigs? Because it makes the pigs litter-airy.

Who was the straightest man in the Bible? Joseph, for Pharaoh wanted to make a ruler of him.

Why is the tailor the poor man's best friend? Because he settles the rents.

SCRAPS OF WIT.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to prison against his will. Faith, he did."

Said a women speaker in a New Haven suffrage meeting. "Woman is in every respect the equal of man. Her reputation for heroic bravery,"—at that point, a mouse ran in sight, and the orator jumped on the table and screamed.

"It is curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be kept perfectly dry when there is a running spring inside."

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY WM. BREWER.

First, lifeless; second, rest; third, a grand division of the globe; fourth, inanimate.

Arrange the four words one below the other and they can be read from left to right or from top to bottom.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

Arrange the letters in this sentence, "O, ten pears are pale," in the form of a pyramid, thus:

O
P
E
A
R
E
P
A
L
E

Each line of letters from left to right must form a word which is defined in the following stanza:

1. This is always in pastime and play;
2. Shun this drink on every day;
3. This is a sort of musical play;
4. This is a gift, you'll surely say.

The pyramid read down is formed of words and letters defined as follows: a vegetable (in sound); a conjunction; to mimic; liquors; before; an article; a beverage (in sound).

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

We propose to publish in each issue commencing with the present, during this year a number of questions upon the history of the Church. It is expected that our young readers will take an interest in forwarding to us the answers to these questions as they are issued; and as an inducement to them we offer the following prizes, for which all our young folks are invited to compete:

First prize.—One Year's Subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the best list of answers to the questions that will be published in the first twelve numbers of this volume.

Second prize.—A Book of History or Travels for the next best list of answers to the same questions.

Third prize.—A Book of Choice Readings and Recitations, for the list of answers to the same questions ranking next in merit to those which receive the second prize.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

BY W. J.

TIME flies. Its passage none can stop. The day dawns to bless us and is soon gone, never to be recalled. The months come and pass away whether we are prepared for them or not. The years roll around and form a long chain of years behind us. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-five has gone, adding another link to that constantly-growing chain. And what mortal can tell which chain is longest—the chain of past years, or the chain of years to come?

The flight of time is viewed differently by us at various periods of our lives, although it is uniform to us at all periods between birth and death.

- 1 "But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head;
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven;
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know,
(You said it yourself—you told me so)
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth, and sea, and skies,
The trees, and the birds, and the butterflies!
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"
- 2 "But a month is so long," he said,
With a drop of his boyish head;
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks and three days more!
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"
- 3 "But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head;
"All the seasons must come and go,
Over the earth with footsteps slow—
Autumn and Winter, Summer and Spring—
O, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"
- 4 "Ten years may be long," he said,
Slowly raising his stately head;
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor, must do and dare.
No time he has to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."
- 5 "Ah, life is long!" he said,
Bowing his grand, white head;
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night;
How long, O, God! is eternity?"

Time is a fragment of eternity in which our great Father gives us an opportunity to show our loyalty to heaven. A year is a division of that fragment; and how have we spent the year which is now swallowed up in the abyss of past time? Have we, as a rule, spent our time wisely and well; or have we wasted the fleeting but golden moments as they passed? Are we stronger in virtue, or has vice secured a stronger hold upon us? Is our path through the year of that character that we can gaze upon it and point it out with pleasure, or do we wish it hidden from the eyes of men, angels and God, and eternally blotted from our own vivid recollection? In any case, be it good or be it evil, we cannot change our record; but there is a future before us—let us use it and grow better in coming years.

"Another page of life is sealed,
Blotted and blurred full off by me;
Another page stands now revealed;
Oh, what will its dread record be
When echoed from eternity?"

"My soul is wearied with this war
Between my better self and sin—
I've planned and purposed year by year,
That I would yield each thought within
To him who died my heart to win.

"These resolutions fully formed
I have not truly carried out;
My courage fails when fiercely stormed
By foes within and foes without,
Putting my holier thoughts to rout.

"But shall I therefore quit the field,
And cease to wage this bitter war?
By God's good grace I'll never yield
Till sin and Satan no more mar
And blot each leaf of character."

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 371 Vol. 20.)

HAVING received intimation to the effect that my release to return home to America would reach New Zealand in a short time, we made arrangements to journey to Auckland, the port of embarkation. As we were to travel for more than one hundred miles over the mountains and through an almost impenetrable forest, it was necessary that some one should accompany us as a guide; therefore, a Maori named Tiopira and Elder Ash, of Logan, decided to go with us.

On October 7, 1884, Elder Ira N. Hinckley, Jr. and myself, accompanied by our escort, reluctantly took leave of President W. T. Stewart and the Maori Saints and commenced our journey northward. We traveled for a time over a country comparatively level, then traversed the mountains, whose surface was densely covered with trees and foliage. With the exception of an occasional mud-hole and fallen trees across the trail, the travel was much easier than we anticipated. The first day out we journeyed about forty miles and arrived at an old cabin, which formed our first camping ground. On awaking in the

morning we found that our horses had gone back on the trail towards Poverty Bay, whence we had come. Two of our little company set out in pursuit of the truant animals while the residue prepared breakfast. Hours elapsed before our comrades returned with our runaway horses. We continued to travel on the winding trail until about 2, p. m., when we arrived at a new road, which induced us to consent to our brethren's return, we thinking that we would have no difficulty in finding our destination alone. Towards the close of the afternoon Brother Hinckley's horse became very lame, caused by losing a shoe, which occurrence retarded our travel. The mountains became more high and precipitous, the trail narrower, being cut in solid rock on the mountain side, and on the lower side were chasms hundreds of feet deep. The dark-colored clouds overhead threatened a storm, while apparently there was no resting-place for us. Had one misstep been made we with our horses would have been precipitated into the black, yawning gulf below. At length we came to another old cabin a few rods off the trail in which we camped for the night. Before retiring we groped around in the dark on the steep hillside to cut with our pocket-knives some *toitoi* grass for our poor, starving animals, and we laid down for the night with empty stomachs, our provisions being exhausted. However, in the midst of the same we felt in our hearts to praise the God of Israel.

Next morning, long before daylight, we resumed our journey, while the rain descended almost in torrents. We finally arrived at a small Maori settlement, having traveled nearly through the fastnesses of the ranges. On making our wants known the hospitable aborigines made us welcome to their domicile, in which we were enabled to dry our clothing, warm our chilled frames and allay our hunger. Here we also remained for the night.

Next morning we descended to the ocean and followed the shores of the Bay of Plenty to the European town, Opatiki. The surrounding land of this bay is comparatively unproductive, very much unlike Poverty Bay. It seems, from the natural facilities of these two sections of country, that these two names could be appropriately exchanged. According to history both of these places were named by the great explorer, Captain Cook. At Poverty Bay he failed to procure his supplies, consequently he gave the indentation this name. Leaving this bay he sailed around East Cape and came to the Bay of Plenty, where he procured his supplies, hence its name. A few miles out in the ocean is situated White Island, on which is a small volcano, whose volumes of smoke mingle with the clouds which rest calmly on the ocean's bosom.

Opatiki, the most easterly of the Bay of Plenty settlements, is one hundred and seventy-six miles by sea from Auckland. The town is progressing slowly but surely. It possesses several stores, four hotels, churches, etc. The Opatiki district comprises about 380,000 acres of land. There are 10,000 acres of rich flat land near the township, about 8,000 acres of which have been brought under cultivation. The soil on the flat, which is backed by ranges of wooded hills, consists of a dark and deep loam on a subsoil of clay. At a depth of over five feet lies a stratum of pumice. It is therefore well adapted for heavy grass, grain and root crops. The average crops are as follows: Corn, from 60 to 70 bushels per acre; wheat, from 50 to 60 bushels per acre; mangolds, from 60 to 80 tons per acre.

While the aborigines of the South Sea Islands are hospitable and possess tender and sympathetic feelings, they are also characterized by propensities of a savage and barbarous nature,

as is demonstrated by the following circumstance, which transpired at Opatiki:

A minister named Mr. Volkner lived at Opatiki, on the east coast of New Zealand. He had lived many years among the Maoris with his wife and family. The Hauhaus (deserters from the church of England) determined to kill this good man. He had been away on a visit to Auckland, and some friendly natives begged him to remain there and not return home; but he would not listen to them. He said his place was with his people. While he was away from Opatiki on his visit to Auckland the Hauhaus went there, with Kereopa as their leader, and waited for the minister, Volkner, to return. At last a little vessel arrived with Mr. Volkner on board, and a friend of his, another clergyman, named Mr. Grace. Directly they landed the Maoris took them prisoners and shut them up in a house all night. Next morning they came to Mr. Volkner and informed him that they intended to kill him. He asked them to allow him to live for a short time that he might say his prayers and prepare for death. He was taken out to a large willow tree near his house. Here he knelt and prayed for himself and for his murderers. Then arising from his knees he shook hands with them. The Hauhaus put a rope around his neck and hung him on the willow tree. They afterwards cut off Mr. Volkner's head and stuck it up on the pulpit of the church where he had so often preached. Mr. Grace made his escape a few days afterwards. The Hauhaus traveled away to Poverty Bay, carrying with them the head of Minister Volkner. This terrible event took place March 2, 1866.

MASKED FAULTS.—We are willing enough to keep at ever so great a distance from the faults to which we have little or no inclination, and often affect to make our zeal in that respect remarkable; but then, perhaps, more favorite vices have easy entrance into our breasts and take firm possession of them. We are shocked, for instance, and with much cause, at the monstrous and ruinous eagerness for pleasure, the profligate and unprecedented contempt of religion that prevails in the world; our behavior on those heads is unblameable and exemplary, and we value ourselves upon it beyond bounds. Yet, possibly, we indulge ourselves all the while to the full in another way—are unjust and fraudulent, or selfish and unreasonable, or penurious and hard-hearted, or censorious and unforgiving, or peevish and ill-tempered; make every one about us uneasy, and those chiefly whose happiness ought to be our first care. This is applauding ourselves for being fortified where the enemy is not likely to make an attack, and leaving the places that are most exposed quite undefended.

HARD STUDY HEALTHFUL.—A physician, Dr. Beards, has taken the pains to gather statistics from a wide range, in regard to the longevity of great scholars and writers. He was surprised at the results. The average life of the five hundred was over sixty-four years. This is far beyond the average age of business men, of farmers or mechanics, and seems to prove that hard thinking and long study are not injurious to health, as so many suppose.

One objection may indeed be made to this inference, and carries with it much weight. It may be said that most of these men had superior constitutions, and that it was in part their physical vigor which gave them their great powers of enduring a mental strain. If this be so, nature is wise, and gives a love of study to those who can bear the hard work without peril.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

HAVE you ever noticed, children, the effect of kindness? Solomon says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath," which means a kind answer. The power of kindness in conquering anger, and hatred, and other bad manifestations is very wonderful. Its good effect is not confined to human beings, but extends itself to the animal creation. Animals are quick to perceive manifestations of kindness. The horse that is treated kindly learns to love the person who treats him in this manner. So with dogs, cats, sheep, cows and, in fact, all the domestic animals.

You probably have read the story that has come down from the Romans to us, of Androcles and the lion. While a fugitive in the forest the lion came to him and he soon discovered that something ailed him. He ventured to examine his paw and found that it had a great thorn in it, which he extracted and relieved the ferocious beast from his pain. The lion appreciated and was grateful for this act of kindness. Afterwards Androcles was captured, and was sentenced, according to the custom common among the Romans, to the arena to contend with wild beasts. A fierce lion sprang out of his cage and rushed furiously towards him; but, to the great astonishment of the people who had assembled to witness the contest, the lion, instead of jumping fiercely upon the man, crouched at his feet and manifested, by every token of love, that he was friendly to him. It was the lion whom he had relieved from pain by extracting the thorn. Even the bloodthirsty and hardened Roman populace were so touched, it is said, by the scene that Androcles was forgiven. Whether the story be true or not it illustrates the power of kindness and that the most ferocious beasts are not insensible to its influence.

God is love. How expressive is this sentence, and what a volume it conveys to our minds respecting the character of our great Creator! Those who are most like Him are full of love, and this love finds expression in numberless ways. The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us to love one another. It is the great quality which in heavenly beings receives full development, and which when properly cultivated on earth makes it resemble heaven. It is true that many people endeavor to resist the effect of loving words and actions. They are so filled with the spirit of the evil one that they will not fully yield to the influence of this divine quality; but often the most degraded and depraved of our race do feel the effect and yield, to some extent, to the influence of love. It will be through its exercise that they will eventually be conquered and be redeemed from the power of that influence, the fruits of which are anger and hatred.

We would like to impress upon our readers the value of cultivating love. Be kind in thought, in word and in action. Kind children are always beloved. Their amiability wins for them the respect and admiration of those with whom they are brought in contact. The cultivation of this quality gives men and women command of their temper. They learn to control

themselves; and the men and women who exercise self-control are greater than those who cannot do so, though they may command armies or rule in a city. The fact is, no one is fit to govern others who cannot govern himself. No parent can be a successful governor of a household who has not learned this important lesson—the power of self-control. When children see their parents yield to passion, give way to the influence of anger, they lose that reverence and respect for their parents which should never be impaired, and too often, instead of being warned by such exhibitions, they themselves feel justified, because of that which they have seen in their parents, to do likewise.

We have often witnessed, in the course of our experience, the effect of kindness in quelling anger. Let a man or a woman commence to attack another in tones of anger and reproach, whether with or without cause, and if the person attacked, instead of yielding to excitement and allowing the same spirit to take possession of him, receives the attack calmly and answers in tones of mildness, a feeling of shame takes possession of the angry person, and the storm subsides. Most people feel ashamed and condemned for indulging in passion. They feel humiliated because they see how weak they have been; and this is especially the case if the person against whom their anger is directed bears their attack in meekness and returns it in kind words.

While anger reigns in the breast, reason is, to a certain extent, dethroned. Men and women say and do things under its influence very much the same as persons do who are insane. If an angry man, by his assaults, succeeds in provoking another to anger, what a scene is presented! Their faces are distorted; their whole manner is changed; their language is intemperate; and they say and do things which grieve their friends and lessen them in their eyes, and of which they both are frequently heartily ashamed.

"But," says one, "I have a quick temper, and I cannot help getting angry when I receive provocation." This is not a justification for indulging in this spirit. The gospel has been revealed for the express purpose of giving us power to control ourselves. A man may be inclined to tell falsehoods; another to steal; another to distort the truth; another to be lustful. Weaknesses of these kinds are common to humanity. But because they are common to humanity, humanity is not justified in indulging in them. It should be the labor of every human being to correct, by the aid of the Almighty, through His Holy Spirit, these defects in his character. It is for that purpose we are here. By the aid of the Lord the angry man and the angry woman can cultivate the spirit of kindness and love as well as the man inclined to intemperance can be a temperate man. It will not do for us to plead these weaknesses or inclinations as a justification for wrong-doing; because the Lord has told us that if we will seek unto Him He will aid us to conquer every evil inclination and wrong desire.

We say, then, to the children of the Latter-day Saints, learn to govern your tempers; learn to control your tongues; learn to be patient under provocation and not to give way to anger because others are angry. If others assail you, even if they should have no cause to do so, instead of meeting them in the same spirit, put on the brakes, control your temper, speak to them words of kindness and of love, and do not suffer yourselves to be carried away by the influence which may be operating upon them. If you will pursue this course, and secure this control of yourselves, you will find that your course through life will be much happier, and you will have many more friends and will secure the favor of the Lord.



ALFRED THE GREAT. (See page 10).

ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED THE GREAT, the best-beloved of English Kings, was born at Wantage, in the county of Berkshire, in the ninth century after Christ. Around this birth-place of Alfred still stand the chalk cliffs, Ashdown, Uffington, Compton, etc., just as they were a thousand years ago.

We know King Alfred best by his conquest of the Danes. The story of the burning cakes is familiar to every ear; the story of the escape, the conquest, the ultimate triumph, the glory of King Alfred, are almost common-place to students of English history.

But there is one feature of King Alfred's life to which little popular notice has been given in these modern times. It is the account of his literary labors. As a compiler and author he must now and forever appeal to the heart of the English speaking people as the father of that grand writing, that superb story, known as the literature of the medieval ages in England.

After his warlike labors were concluded with the conquest of the Danes, he had still a greater work to perform, and what was more than the work itself, he knew the extent of his labors. He knew that the bondage under which his people would have been placed to the Danes, was as nothing in comparison with the slavery under which they would have been placed to the darkness of ignorance that pervaded the land at that day. He began the compilation of a history of literature. As the Danes had burnt English monasteries so Alfred set himself to work to restore the literary portion which had been destroyed.

Can you imagine the difficulties under which he labored? His old war-associates—the men who had his confidence on a score of battlefields, were nearly all absolutely ignorant of literature. Probably not many of them knew even their Saxon letters. Few of them, indeed, were versed in numbers. Not one in ten, perhaps, could write his own name.

What should Alfred do? The wars were ended. Peace reigned throughout the land of Britain. To achieve the triumph of war peace must indeed have her victory.

King Alfred, the great, the noble, was determined that his noblemen, his dukes, his princes, should be worthy of their exalted political station; and he therefore determined upon a line of education which for strength and comprehensiveness has scarcely an equal in the annals of civilization. He first began to bring men of learning to his land. He offered them special inducements to come to his court. He compelled the clergy to become educated. For the first time in centuries the histories of religion, of politics, of civilization, were written in a language which brought them within the reach of the minds of the people. Last of all, but not least, he became a writer.

Through years of incessant toil he had achieved competency in his own language. He could use it with vigor and emphasis. He translated "Bede's Ecclesiastical History," "Boethius' Consolations Afforded by Philosophy," and several other works; and at the same time added comments and reviews, which alone entitled him to a place among the early English authors.

To a man with such literary ambition the ignorance of the day must have been frightful. Alfred lost no effort to elevate the tone of the court; to give an impetus to literary research; to force upon the noblemen the thought of history, biography and current comment.

His task was difficult, but not fruitless. He was a man of too much force to lose the object of his labor; and when his

court nobles came to him complaining that they knew not the language of the court, that they knew not the courtly phrases of written communication, that they knew not the language of polished society, Alfred answered, "Go ye and learn."

These efforts were not alone sufficient. The noblemen rebelled at progress. They thought that the balancing-stone of their fathers was good enough for them; and much contention resulted.

The Bishop Asser says: "Alfred showed himself a minute investigator of the truth in all his judgments for the sake of the poor; to whose interests day and night, among other duties of this life, he was ever wonderfully attentive. * * Alfred was in the habit of enquiring into almost all the judgments which were given in his absence throughout all his realms, whether they were just or unjust. If he perceived there was iniquity in those judgments he would summon his judges either himself or through his faithful servants, and ask them mildly why they had judged so unjustly, whether through ignorance or malevolence; whether for the love or fear of any, or hatred of others, or also for the desire of money. If, however, the judges acknowledged that they had given such judgments because they knew no better he would discreetly and mildly reprove their inexperience and folly in such words as these: 'I wonder, truly, at your rashness, that, whereas, by God's favor and mine you have occupied the rank and office of the wise you have neglected the studies and labors of the wise. Either, therefore, at once give up the discharge of these duties which you hold, or endeavor more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom.'"

Therefore, the wise king called together his nobles. And from out the brightest intellects of his kingdom he chose some score of youths who were to be instructed in all the learning of the land—in history, in philosophy, and in religion. The education of these youths was under the king's own personal supervision. He had some dozen of monks to attend him—selecting from the most learned monasteries of the kingdom. And before these monks and learned men, in the presence of the king himself, the chosen youths were required to appear to give evidence of their natural attainments and acquired accomplishments. So fast as they answered the requirements of the king they were set apart for a course of special instruction. Then, they were empowered to demand special favors wherever they labored. And when their graduation was complete to their charge was submitted the education of some old warrior nobleman, whose life had been spent in tented field, whose education was that of the mounted fray, whose skill was of the sword-thrust. Probably no more lovable feature of King Alfred's existence appears before the mind of the historical student than that representation of him where he appears in the education of the youth of his realm. Imagine the terror of these scores of young children brought before him for examination and judgment: portray to yourself the infinite skill with which the royal teacher selected the competent children.

When Alfred upbraided the nobles for their ignorance, so says Asser, they would tremble and endeavor "to turn all their thoughts to the study of justice, so that, wonderful to say, almost all his earls, prefects and officers, though unlearned from their cradles, were sedulously bent on acquiring learning, choosing rather laboriously to acquire the knowledge of a new discipline than to resign their functions. But if any one of them, through old age or slowness of mind, was unable to make progress in liberal studies, the king commanded the son, if he had one, or one of his kinsmen, or, if there were no

other person to be had, one of his own freedmen or servants, whom he had before advanced to the office of reading, to recite Saxon books before him day and night whenever he had any leisure. Then these men would lament in their inmost hearts that in their youth they had never attended to such studies, and would bless the young men of our days who happily could be instructed in the liberal arts, while they would execrate their own lot that they did not learn these things in their youth, and now, when they are old, though willing to learn then, they are unable."

It was by such means that Alfred made the establishment of literature and written English history. When a boy, a slight tender child, he had received the reward of industry in a copy of beautifully illuminated Saxon poems from his step-mother. He had begun early to know the value of learning. He comprehended the disadvantage of a lack of that knowledge. He is justly called the father of English literature.

Many a man, many a king, could be industrious himself; could work assiduously to shine in the society of his court; but very few men, holding any rank, could labor so patiently to establish learning among his fellow-men. The beautiful picture which we represent to-day shows King Alfred backed by his monks of learning, surrounded by his little students. From the ranks of the latter he will select those fortunate pages who are to instruct the earls and prefects in their duties.

We cannot be surprised at the magnitude and glory of the work which literature has wrought among the nations who speak our tongue, when we remember that more than a thousand years ago a mighty Saxon king set his heart upon the education of his people; and that this king and all his followers became students, if not writers of English poetry and prose.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

BY MARY CHAPPLE.

IT was noon. A bright clear day in June. School had just been dismissed for the usual recess of one hour.

The school-house was a picturesque little building, with a green lawn beautifully laid off in different shapes, diamonds, hearts, circles, etc., here and there interspersed with trees, shrubs, and flowers.

A group of boys were amusing themselves with a game of marbles. Suddenly Willie Andrews, a small child not more than twelve years old, cried, "Say boys did you ever see a ghost?"

"Ghost?" said several of the boys in chorus.

"Yes, ghost," cried Willie, "I saw one last night, it was the most horrid thing that I ever saw; as I lay in bed thinking, suddenly I beheld something white approach my bed; I was spell bound; I could neither scream nor move. Suddenly I summoned up more courage, sprang out of bed, seized a match, and in less time than it takes to tell it, had a light; I turned, when to my amazement the ghost had fled."

"I don't believe that," said brave little George Phillips, "that is just a yarn of your own spinning. You needn't think we are all green as grass."

"Well George I think that it is true if you do not," said Arthur Goodman, "I would just as soon believe Willie's word that there were ghosts, as yours that there were not."

"So would I," said Clarence Brown.

"Yes, so would I for George Phillips is always saying something just to be contrary," chimed in Johnny Smith.

"Well, you needn't go into a east-iron sweat over it boys, what is the difference if one of you believe there are ghosts, and the other don't?" said Charley Adams.

"Well, boys, I will lay a wager that George Phillips dare not go through the church-yard to-night after midnight; I will bet ten dollars—who will take me up?" said Johnny.

"I will," cried George.

"Agreed," said Johnny; we will deposit the stakes with Charley Adams. Arthur Goodman and Clarence Brown to be stationed at one gate, Willie Andrews and Charley Adams to be at the other."

"Agreed," cried George.

Just at this moment the school-bell rang, the boys caught up their marbles and hastened in to resume their studies.

Let us now turn to the church-yard. In the northwest corner of this sacred place where lay the dead, stood a little church. This building was of the Gothic style, and built of gray sand-stone.

Through this very church-yard George was to pass that night. As we lingered we suddenly beheld a form come hurriedly down the path, pause, deposit something behind a tomb-stone and pass hurriedly on.

* * * * *

It was midnight. Over the peaceful city silence reigned supreme, save for the boys, who quickly, but silently wended their way to the church-yard.

As soon as all was arranged the boys took their places at the gates. George was to enter the south gate and go through to the north gate. He came up, exchanged greetings with the boys, saying as he passed them, "If I need your assistance I will call."

He had reached the center of the church-yard when he stopped suddenly, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. The cause of his stopping was soon learned. Slowly a white form was seen rising from behind a tomb-stone. He paused but a moment then rushed forward, caught the form, dashed it to the earth kicked and beat until the ghost, or, by its lawful name, Johnny Smith, called loudly for help. His companions rushed forward, just in time to save his life. Two of them took Johnny home and summoned medical aid. He was put in as comfortable a position as possible. But what of poor George. How different from what his playmates had expected. He was taken home and a doctor being called, he was pronounced, *a raving maniac*. He was taken to an asylum where he passed the remainder of his days, dying at the age of twenty-five years.

It took six months for Johnny to recover his health; he never forgave himself, and though he lived fifty years he never made another bet.

The other boys were never as light-hearted afterwards, though they lived to a good old age.

MORAL.

A joke is well enough at times; but above all things never carry it too far.

AFTER all the good instruction that can be given, example must go hand in hand with precept.

If children receive solemn injunctions against a vice which they see their parents practice, or exhortation to the performance of a duty they see them neglect, the precept will be more likely to excite ridicule in the youthful mind than observance.

A SLED'S RETROSPECT.

THE STORY WHICH "SWIFTSURE" MIGHT TELL IF IT
WOULD SPEAK.

I GET more time for reflection now than I had in my younger days; and I am glad to have the opportunity to think. It is a pleasant thing, when one grows old and somewhat wearied, to rest half buried in the snow-bank, where a red-cheeked boy has tossed you, and recall all the lively joys and exercises of youth.

Some foolish people seem to think that because a sled neither eats, drinks nor wears clothes that it has no right to reflect upon the affairs of this sliding world. But I know differently; and my great age and vast experience entitle my words to be received with much consideration. I grant that at some seasons a sled has no power of mental exertion. I have heard from the kindly father of my owner that there is a great black animal abiding in forests and mountainous regions which buries itself in some warm cavern or cranny in the Autumn and sleeps through all the glorious months of Winter, until the sunshine of Spring draws it forth to feed its awakened appetite. While I do not wish to compare myself, the civilized and beloved companion of boys and girls, with any such senseless brute as a bear, I may say that we sleds have our time of hibernation; during which time we never move or think, unless roused by some careless or cruel hand. This oblivion of ours usually extends from frost to frost—through all the intervening days of scorching heat and dusty air. I do not speak ignorantly about this detestable season of Summer, for many times I have been dragged out into the sunshine by foolish children, and have awakened to find myself roasting alive. Some of the young and silly sleds, who will never live to learn all that I understand, dispute my word on this point. But I know what I do know.

Bless me, how I gabble! I could not rattle along any worse if I were one of those vulgar, creaking, bumping things which have great, grinding wheels and are called express wagons. Such awkward creatures! No style. No smoothness of motion. And as to speed; why I can coast a mile while the best of them is traveling a furlong! I am sure that no one but a mean-spirited boy or girl would own one of the contemptible things. Thanks to a proper self-respect, I have always been able, whenever I have had my proper faculties, to keep out of their society.

But this brings me to myself. I was born or made (whichever you choose to say) in a place called Wisconsin. My first remembrance is of a delightful sensation of cold which crept over me when I was lying with thousands of my fellows in a great store-room at Milwaukee; and immediately afterwards I was shaken and disentangled from the heaps of other sleds. Soon I heard a strong voice saying: "There's a beauty! Such staunch timber, and such straight grain! I believe I'll just oil and varnish that sled; it would be a pity to spoil such an uncommon fine one by daubing it with paint. Nothing could be prettier than this natural wood."

So, you see, early in life I became an aristocrat.

After this I must have been taken to a warm room for I immediately fainted and, though I probably traveled thousands of miles, I did not regain consciousness until I felt myself slipping along a beautiful, snowy path behind a pair of sturdy little legs. Those legs, the finest I ever saw, belonged to my owner. We soon became well acquainted—myself and my dear little master. He tried me on all the hills in his neighbor-

hood, and we two soon became the most admired coasters of the village. Because I was so strong and speedy I was named "Swiftsure." My little owner used to hold me up admiringly before his comrades and say:

"See what an honest sled old Swiftsure is! No paint and putty to hide up cracks and worm-holes; just the straight grain of the wood, polished and bright!"

In all my experience he was the only boy who, I felt, was my superior. I tell you, he, too, had a straight grain; and he had no bad spots covered with the putty and paint of hypocrisy. What a dear, generous, honest little chap he was! And what pure, delightful larks we had together! In the sunlight and in the moonlight we went flying down the flashing, crusted hillside, swifter than any other sled and boy in the village. The sharp wind alone could keep pace with us, and that not often. My little master was the boy for a proud, high-mettled enduring sled. He never complained of cutting wind; bless you, no! When other boys would stop their sport and huddle down upon their common sleds, whimpering that their toes were cold and that the wind sent the sharp frost-needles into their hands and faces, my grand little chap used to laugh:

"Ha, ha! what do you think the Winter is for? Come on, old Swiftsure, and I will show you the way!"

And lifting me against his bosom and taking a long run, down he would dash upon my welcoming back; and then, together we would take the highest "jump" on the hill. We never parted company, no matter how terrific the speed nor how steep the "jump"—to get thrown apart would do for common boys and sleds, but not for us.

My little master was as kind as he was brave and sturdy. No poor boy, who had courage, ever asked in vain for permission to "try Swiftsure just once." But no matter how much pluck he possessed, it was not always that a strange boy could stick with me when I shot straight over the steepest "jump" on the long hill of the neighborhood. I like charity, and I admired my noble young owner all the more for his great generosity; but, to speak the truth, I did not care to be loaned out so indiscriminately. Some common sleds, who rarely received anything but kicks and grumblings, might think it was sufficient to be lauded and praised and almost kissed by bright, eager boys who were granted a ride upon me. But I suppose I must be a born aristocrat. I cannot help being exclusive. I am willing that the vulgar herd shall admire me—at a distance.

In those superb, rushing days of my youth there was but one person besides my owner whom I loved to carry, and that was a girl. She was a dainty one, just as frail as my master was robust. She had dear, melting, blue eyes and hair fine as a cob-web, colored like gold. In the days when I first knew her she was so slender and light that when I only carried her I could not possibly make my famous speed. But when my master went with us, how we did fly! What made me first love that little girl was that she would never scream. No matter what mad pranks of coasting we played, she would sit quietly upon the little rug nailed across my shoulders and lean against my owner with the most absolute confidence.

One night—it was a bright moonlight night—we three had been coasting upon the long hill. This grand, snowy slope led, with an occasional hollow, from the home of the maiden with blue eyes, down to the village meeting-house, more than half a mile away. We coasted until the dear girl said it was time to go into the house (it was then long after the other sleds and boys and girls had gone home). Then we turned, my little master drawing me while I carried the sweet child. She said:

"Yes, Nephi, we must hurry; because mother is at Aunt Sarah's and father is at the school-meeting; so Cousin Phoebe is there alone."

It was only a few rods from the summit of the hill to our sweet-heart's door; but as we walked those two agreed that they would sneak to the kitchen window and frighten Phoebe. We got there and Nephi looked in; but instead of crying "Boo!" he dropped back, gasping:

"Two tramps are in the kitchen and they've got Phoebe tied in a chair. Oh, 'Nerva! What shall we do?"

After a moment he said, quite firmly for such a little chap:

"I know! We'll coast to the meeting-house and tell your father. Old Swiftsure will carry us there in no time!"

He grasped my rope and darted with me and our brave, quiet girl through the yard and past the gates. He was just ready to give me a push and then cross his knee upon me, when another one of the tramps came running from the barn leading the grey colt, which was my only rival in Nephi's affection. The thief saw us and started to overtake us. But Nephi gave the start and we were away. The robber was already at the crest of the hill and had mounted the colt. He shouted for us to stop, but we gave no heed. The fool urged our colt to a gallop down the heavy road of snow which skirted our coasting place. But we were going like the wind and leaving him far behind. Almost in an instant we reached the first hollow. Would we go down one bank and up the other without stopping? We had never done it yet. I strained every joint in the effort. I could hear the horse panting behind; I could hear Nephi saying: "Go it, old Swiftsure; you never had such a good start before!" And I could feel the whisper of Minerva's little prayer. Once more the thief shouted, "Stop!" He now had the advantage, because of the level ground and the succeeding rise; but before he could reach us we were over the crest. I darted out for a mighty race and shot for the great "jump;" and just as we crossed it, clinging together like wax, I heard a neigh, a yell, and Nephi said:

"Barney has slipped and fallen with the tramp!"

How I raced the rest of the distance! My mettle was up. No bird, I verily believe, could fly faster. But I grew frightened. How should I stop at the school-house? Nephi answered me:

"Dear 'Nerva, will you be frightened if I run into a snow-bank to stop us?"

Our brave girl answered, "No!" and in another second we plunged half-way through a mighty drift which had been gathered at the corner of the building. Nephi only waited to lift our little sweet-heart out and then he ran to the door, shouting:

"Brother Clarke, the tramps are stealing your horses and robbing your house! They've tied Phoebe into a chair, and they'll kill her if you don't hurry!"

I could hear no more, for the drift had been quickly falling about me and I was completely buried.

The next day Nephi came and dug me out; and as he drew me proudly home he and little 'Nerva, who was with him, talked with each other and said how good it was they had such a Swiftsure; that our speed had enabled the men of the village to get to the house in time to save Phoebe and capture the tramps; that Barney's fall had killed himself and broken his rider's leg; and, finally, that we three—Swiftsure, and Nephi and Minerva—were to be petted and praised as the plucky people who had been the cause of the rescue.

* * * * *

Well, that was only one incident in our stirring lives. More than half a score of years have passed. I have had at least two pairs of new shoes since that night. Nephi ceased to coast with me long ago. But, thank heaven, he would never sell me. I served his younger brothers as truly, if not as lovingly, as I had served him. Three years ago I had a bad fall while going over the great "jump" and ever since then I have been laid up in the barn, a partial invalid. My joints are unsound; I am rheumatic and trembling. Some of the boys and even two or three upstart sleds have sneered at me lately. But you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and these people can never get over their low birth.

To-day something very strange happened to me; and that is why I tell this story. I was wide awake, enjoying the glorious sensations of the piercing cold, when a lady, tall and shapely, with golden hair and blue eyes, came into the barn, leading a toddling child. She said, in a tone which made my very center-beam thrill with emotion:

"There it is, sure enough; dear old Swiftsure! Now mamma's little Nephi shall have a ride."

The gentle lady drew me from my corner, out into the Winter's snow and sunlight. She placed a rug upon me and put the little fellow astride.

"Are you afraid?" she asked.

"No, no! Gee up, old Swiftsoor!"

That voice, those sturdy little legs across my back, those chubby hands clasping my sides! They seem like a baby imitation of what I once knew and loved.

"Mamma's boy must play with this good old Swiftsure; for papa is on a mission now and we cannot buy a new sled. We love Swiftsure—papa and mamma do. To-night I will tell you a fine story—how we all had a race to the old meeting-house."

That voice; that hair; those eyes!

* * * * *

It is night and I am alone. I have thought over the affair until it is all as plain to me as is the straight, smooth, new course down the meeting-house hill. I have concluded that if Mrs. Minerva will have a decent carpenter brace me up with some aristocratic timber I will be glad to enter the service of little, toddling, petticoated Nephi.

THE answer to the enigma published in No. 23 is DESERET NEWS. It has been correctly solved by Arus L. Bird, Springville; William. Brewer, Henneferville; Annie Knudsen, Maria Andersen, Mount Pleasant; G. W. Ingram, E. W. Nichols, Brigham City; Willard Call, Bountiful; Jos. P. Sharp, Vernon; Birdie Black, Fillmore; Alice Glover, West Jordan; Nora Hudson, Kaysville; Edgar Fillmore, Payson; Clara B. Hudson, Kaysville; George A. Topham, Paragonah; Etta Williams, Mayfield; Lettie Mowrey, Ogden; Jos. O. Lange, Koosharem; Charles Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; Ezra Christianson, Manti; Annie N. Bowring, Brigham City; Ernest Smedley, East Bountiful; Millie Howell, Clifton, Idaho; Louisa Ingram, Brigham City; C. L. Berry, Jane Albrand, Thomas C. Jones, Orson H. Howlett, Salt Lake City.

BAD company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first and second blows, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head the pinchers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

I WELL remember the first time I ever heard the names "Mormon," "Mormonites," "Latter-day Saints." They sounded very strange to me. A neighbor related to my stepmother that a company of "Mormonites" had gone to the Rocky Mountains, led by a Prophet whose name was Joe Smith, to build a new Jerusalem and prepare for the coming of the Savior, which they said was near at hand. I listened attentively and regretted that their prophet's name was Joe or Joseph. My reason for this regret was, there was a man living in our neighborhood whose Christian name was Joe, who was forever picking quarrels and wanting to fight somebody at every gathering where he chanced to be; and for this I not only disliked the man, but his name. So much for prejudice. But the idea that the "Mormons" were led by a Prophet, who claimed to be sent of God, and that the coming of the Son of man was near at hand, I did not feel to dispute, and remember saying to myself: "All these things may be true and the day of judgment close at hand;" and oft times afterwards, when alone, would think of these subjects and ponder upon them in my heart, though I said nothing to anybody about them. It was in the summer of 1836 that I first saw an elder. Lorenzo D. Barnes and Samuel James were the first who brought the gospel to the people where I lived, and were the first I heard preach. I was then in my twenty-first year. Before I heard the elders they had held several meetings in the neighborhood, and the people said they were smart preachers, that they had the Scriptures at their tongues' end, and seemed to know the Bible by heart. Their meetings were well attended, meeting-houses, school-houses and private houses were filled to overflowing. But soon the priests raised the howl of "false teachers," "false prophets," "delusion," etc. Newspaper stories were hunted up and read to the people by the priests; but it was not long before the elders began to baptize, and soon a large branch was raised up.

Jesse Turpin, a priest, baptized me in July, 1837, (not in a horse track as was reported, because I was small, and a little fun at my expense was thought not to be amiss) in Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia. As soon as I had been immersed, and while yet standing in the water, Brother Turpin laid his right hand on my head and prophesied that I would go forth and preach the gospel, stand before great men of the earth, and bear testimony to the truth of "Mormonism." I was confirmed by the laying on of hands by Elder John Lyons. Soon after this, while at secret prayer one morning in the woods, the Holy Spirit came on me to that extent that I sprang to my feet and shouted for joy; but before jumping up and while praying, my eyes being shut, I saw a light that seemed to rest on me from behind; a stream of a fog-like appearance shot out of my mouth, and as I jumped up, I felt and thought I was about to behold an angel. My tongue apparently moved and talked of itself, and I felt as light as a feather.

From the first gospel sermon I heard preached by Brother Barnes, followed by Brother James, I never felt to dispute or doubt their message. I took great pleasure in reading the Scriptures. The Bible had become to me a new book, even before my baptism. After joining the Church, while I was reading the book of Covenants, I came to the revelation on the Word of Wisdom. At that time I was using tobacco; that is,

I smoked cigars. I had just bought a bunch of one hundred; I picked these up, walked to the door, and I scattered them to the four winds.

At the time the Elders made their appearance in our neighborhood and began to preach, the inquiry was, "Where did they come from?"

An uncle of mine said he knew. "They had come from the moon, and had found a new road to heaven, four hundred miles nearer than the old route."

"But how did they get down?"

The reply was, "They greased themselves and slid down on a rainbow."

My uncle was called an infidel, because he did not believe in the so-called religions of the day. He had not as yet heard the elders preach; but when he did, he took them in; his house was a home for them. He joined the Church and died in the faith.

My father moved up to Far West in the State of Missouri, the place which the Prophet Joseph had designated, after the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson County and Clay County in that State, as the place of gathering for the Saints. He went up by land, pitching his tent by the way. I went up in advance, taking a few boxes of goods that could not well be taken in a wagon. I took steamer at Marietta on the Ohio river, and landed at Richmond Landing, on the Missouri river, thirty miles from Far West. I arrived at this latter place in June, 1838, and it was here that I first saw the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In the days of which I write there were no railways, at least I had not seen or heard of any. Journeys were performed on foot, on horseback, or by teams and wagons over poor roads, except on the rivers, where steamboats plied between distant places on their banks. Turnpikes and graded roads were few and far between. In the country I was familiar with stages for passengers there were none, except the mail coach; and the United States mail was carried mostly on horseback, and the postage on a single letter was twenty-five cents.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRUE MAN.—No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

TRUE GREATNESS.—It is by what we ourselves have done, and not what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is thought that has aroused intellect from its slumbers, which has given "luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

THE BEST BOOKS.—The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker, it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

A CHEERFUL, LOVING HEART IS NATURE'S SWEETEST CHARM.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Moderato. mf

1 How soon youth's flower of beau - ty fades, When life's springtime is past! The
2 The fier - y glance from spark - ling eyes, With age grows dim and cold; And

ver - nal bloom of child - hood and gay Doth but a mo - ment last, . . .
foot - steps once so light and free Will tot - ter when one's old. . . .

Each gen - tle ray of morn - ing light That beams up - on one's face, . . . And
The win - ning smile of in - no - cence Of youth - tide's sun - ny day, . . . Each

out - ward mark of love - li - ness Grim care may soon e - rase;
grace of form and feat - ure rare, All, all may pass a - way;

CHORUS. *f Allegretto.*

Rit.

But there is a lasting beauty, One that never should depart; It's the sweetest charm of nature, 'Tis a cheerful, lov - ing heart

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

VANDERBILT'S wealth is estimated at two hundred millions of dollars, though we see it stated that it is nearer three hundred millions. We have seen some curious calculations respecting this wealth.

If it were converted into two hundred millions of silver dollars and massed together in one solid square pile it would measure thirty feet long, broad and high, and weigh (as seventeen silver dollars weigh one pound, avoirdupois) 11,760,000 pounds, or 5,880 tons.

If these dollars were taken out into the fields and laid close together side by side, they would cover over seventy acres of ground. If the dollars were shoveled into wagons, holding a ton each, it would require 5,880 wagons, 11,760 horses and drivers, and if arranged in a line—allowing each team 15 feet—the line would stretch out 15 miles.

If these dollars were placed in sacks, a hundred pounds each, (representing seventeen hundred dollars each) each sack carried on the shoulder of a porter, it would require an army of 117,600 porters; if placed in a line, shoulder to shoulder, allowing each porter only three feet, the line of porters would reach sixty-six miles. These dollars could pave a boulevard fifty feet wide and twelve miles long with a solid pavement of silver. If piled on top of each other they would make a solid silver column three hundred and fifty miles high.

If these two hundred million dollars were laid side by side in a straight line they would reach nearly five thousand miles. If one should attempt to count these two hundred million dollars, dollar after dollar, at the rate of a hundred dollars every minute and keep it up twelve hours every day, seven years would elapse before he reached the last dollar.

A little nephew of an editor asked how many pints of peanuts and sticks of molasses candy these dollars could purchase him. He answered:

"As to the peanuts, this wealth could purchase—at the rate of five cents per pint—four thousand million pints or sixty-two million bushels, which would load up a fleet of two thousand ships of the capacity of thirty thousand bushels each, which would supply the entire population of the United States—men, women and children—with nearly three months' rations of peanuts, one pint daily each."

"As to the candy, these dollars could purchase—at the rate of a cent per foot—a twisted rope of it three million eight hundred miles long, which could surround this globe a hundred and twenty times, ascend to the moon, coil around that satellite, descend to the earth, and if reeled off could supply the entire population of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, Australia, and the islands of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans—men, women and children—each with a stick of molasses candy thirteen feet long."

And yet with all this wealth poor Vanderbilt could not take a dollar away with him, he had to leave it all behind. He had a grave probably three feet wide by seven feet long, no more space than a poor pauper would occupy. The question of importance to him when death struck him was not how much wealth he had here, but how much he had laid up in heaven. He is said to have been the richest man in the world; but there is many a poor man, with scarcely enough to buy him a meal of victuals, who, without doubt, had more treasure in the other world than he.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

PLEASANT REFLECTIONS.

BY J. CRYSTAL.

I never see the snowflakes fall

But I'm carried back to my early youth,
When my mind was free from care and thrall,
And my guileless heart knew nought but truth.

How well I remember my varied joys—
The hallowed hand-sled, the snow-ball's fun—
How I rolled and frolicked with the boys
From the school's release till the setting sun.

How we built our castles with crystals bright,
And made our balls for the battle near;
And bravely fought with a zest and might
That would honor do to a cavalier.

I can hear the mirthful echoes still,
That rolled from the shores of the frozen lake,
Where we plied our skates with a heart and will,
Till our wearied limbs were like to break.

I can see old "Curly" still retreat,
As he watched for the snow-balls I made to throw;
I can see him bound with his nimble feet,
And echo the pleasures I loved to know.

I can see the church and the village school,
Where I used to gambol so fond and gay;
And the thoughts of my playmates fill me full,
As I think of the many who've passed away.

But, then, again, when I think aright,
And muse on a future so fraught with bliss,
Beyond the curtain of death's dark night,
I feel that repining would be amiss.

I know that a morning of love and youth
Again will dawn on the sons of men,
When hearts, bound closer by ties of truth,
Shall meet, no more to be parted then.

Ye eddying crystals, sweet and bright,
Descend and fill me with peace and love!
Ye whisper softly that all is right
And pure that comes from the throne above.

O! may my offerings, pure as thine,
Ascend to God as I struggle on;
And the welcome plaudit at last be mine,
"Come, share my glory, my faithful son!"

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